

The Maine Farmer: An Agricultural and Family Newspaper.

Poetry.

ASPIRATION.

If I could find a distant land,
With spreading forests kindly brouse,
The ship my fate boards at ease—
I'd could rest without the strain
And the load of a load gain,
The castle I would have in Spain—
I'd could lay all sin aside,
And take the Savior as my guide,
And have no sin to abide.
I could win a deathless name,
And catch a bumble bee tame,
And cross the ocean by steam—
I could save names by stealth,
Across the current of my health,
To take the life blood's precious wealth—
I could be rich and great,
With their friendly correlate—
The life would pay its simple cost,
And the world would be at rest,
Upon Zion's ocean tempest-tossed.
But man hath ears and tell hushes,
And labor only brings weariness.
Alas! my ship lies on the strand,
All but balds of rainbows on the sand.

Our Story Teller.

Early Days at Park's Bar.

By A. W. BISHOP.

There never were, to all outward appearance, two more dissimilar individuals than my partner and I. He was large, dark, uncouth, jovial, open-hearted, undisciplined diamond in the rough, a young man of sandy complexion and fiery disposition. Educated for the bar, I started out in life with as bright a future before me as ever dawned upon enthusiasm. I had entered into society, and was the life and soul of hopeful, nervous temperament. A series of disappointments, treachery on the part of those I thought my truest friends, and violations of confidence revealed to me the deceptiveness of mankind, and the valuelessness of man. I set away from civilization, more than to accumulate a fortune, I joined in the early rush of gold-seekers to the wonderful land of the Pacific. At Marysville, fate threw me into company with a man. Our oppositions at once forced him into a position which often met need and misfortune. I admitted his open, frank, rough honest, so contrasted with the polished knavery of civilization. He saw in me a strapping for the protection of his strong though rough man was something I needed perhaps more than himself.

“We packed our blankets” along the flowing banks of the Yuba, and drank of its pure waters, clear as crystal, but so muddy and turbid with the debris of the thousand and million mines. Together we slept that first night, like brothers tried, beneath the protecting arms of the same sky, and watched the stars winking to each other in the quietness sky. It was a new life and a new world to us both, though we had been soon asleep, hours away from the camp, it was sound and refreshing, and the light crept out of the east and over the Sierras into the valley, without waking me. My companion had the coffee boiling and the bacon frying, when I awoke, and as I rose up and took a long, deep, satisfying stretch, the situation, I received the following salutation:

“Say, stranger, seen? we're thrown together, as it were, and slept under the same blanket, pardners as it were, what name caught me to be?”

Now up to this time, neither had asked the other his name, or from whence he came. Early Californians were not of the inquisitive class; not concerning a man's name or antecedents?

“Call me Sandy,” I said, as I arose and approached the log on which he was sitting. “And now, what name shall I call you, my athlete friend?”

“I'll be Sandy,” said he, “they call Kentuck, out there in the Rocky mountains, and as I never went back on the States that give birth, you might as well call me that, pardner.”

“Very well,” said I, “the small the firm be Sandy & Kentuck, and Sandy & Sandy!”

“It is Sandy & Kentuck,” said he, “for the head of the firm should be one with education. Now I don't know much about book learnin', but I can hit a bar's eye at a hundred paces with that ar rifle, I do, I say it,” and with a profane oath, Kentuck stood ready standing by the doorway, “Sandy & Kentuck—well that suits me, pardner, and I reckon we understand each other, jis as if we'd been pardners for life. You come frum the settlements, and are some cause—if I've got the right idea, the bar's been riled in your nature” to ards the world.

I come from the Rocky Mountains and the wilds of New Mexico. My life has bin on the outskirts, and none of the pizen of civilization run in my veins. I am a poor boy, you see, and I see you in Marysville, and I laid up my mind to follow yer track, for I see you were not the man to cross yer trail to devine who that man was confidence in you. Sandy & Kentuck, Wall, pardner, give us a hand—I hate much o' what you told yesterday, and don't know much about writings and such like—but this is our agreement,” and he took my hand in his great, broad palm, and closed around it with an honest grip; and from that moment we were sworn friends, as true as if that friendship had been cemented by years.

In due time we reached Park's Bar, staked off a claim, as hundreds of others had done; struck it rich, built up a cabin on the little flat of the foot of the hill, just out of the point where the river made a sudden curve, and settled down to a miner's life.

Six months or more had been woven into the web of the past, when there came to the Bar, from Marysville, and another of those most pleasant looking individuals, a young man, at Madam Lise's. There was a new attraction to this “hell,” which drew the miners from far and near. A woman dealer and that woman young and good looking; even beautiful. The other day I was in the town of Laramie, with a cool smile generally playing around her lips like a weird shadow, and the devil was in his heart, as any one versed in the study of human nature could readily discover.

Kentuck became a fixture at this new gaming saloon, though he had not indulged but very little in the miner's betting sin. But now his share of the dust was emptied each night into the gamblers' coffers.

One night, coming home at a late hour, and finding Sandy asleep:

“Sandy, I hope you think your partner is runnin' this business a little too hefty?”

I answered that “it was only Sandy & Kentuck during the day, and that it was none of my business.”

“That all men do for talk,” said he, “but the fact is, I know how a man of your education and refinement looks at these things.”

I answered that civilization had failed to enter man's brain for gambling.

“Sandy, I hope you will not call it for me, but I'm your partner for most three-quarters of a year, and plenty of gammin' places to go to, but you know I didn't run on that ar trail. But, Sandy, I'm gonna be a honest man, and that's why it is now, or the curious feelin' I's somethin' different, and to keep away from that gal, I can't!”

And he put in a big explanatory point with his huge fist, which nearly demolished our table.

“Good Lord, Kentuck! you're in love!” said I; and who would have guessed that you would have surrendered to the little god Cupid?

“Sandy, that ain't it,” said he, “Iaint that kind o' feelin'. I've heard tell on—though I must say I know nothing of the nature of the critter. But taht is the fact, the Sandy, that woman just carries me back to old Kentuck—more twenty years, Sandy—and I hasn't said a word from that for twenty years, and more, Sandy, did you have a mother?”

I carefully opened the wet paper and read:

“Tired of life, I have sought death in the mad waters of the river. Whoso finds my body will give it a decent burial, and my bones will be given to the fisherman. I have found more comfort in my air armes than your money, and not only your money, but your good sense. You are infatuated, Kentuck—you would call it charmed—and you are seduced,

and I have to distract me before utering the word that was on me tongue.”

“I don't want to distract your feelings, Kentuck, by any disagreeable remarks, but it occurs to me that you have suffered yourself to become swamped in love and poxes by this woman, and she is not your money, but your good sense. You are infatuated, Kentuck—you would call it charmed—and you are seduced,

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